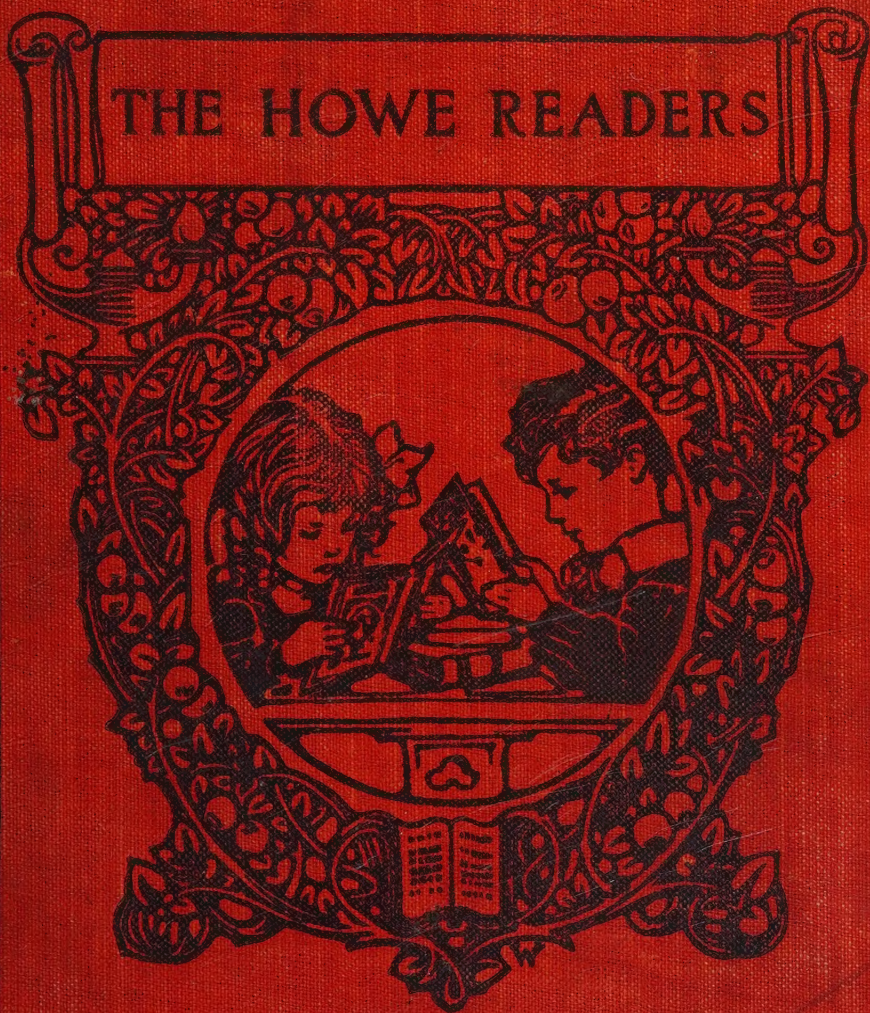


THE HOWE READERS



A FIRST
READER

Russell

see me.

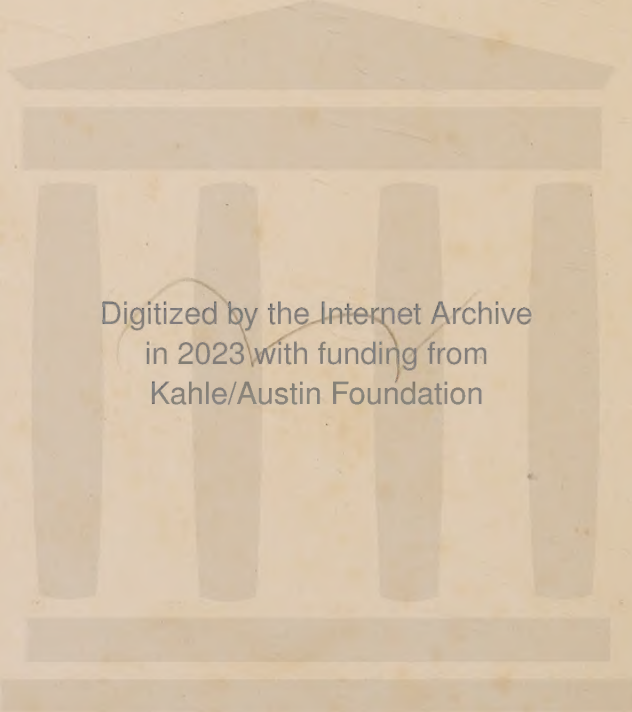
I see you.

see me you

Wm

P E T T E R

P U K N



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THE HOWE READERS

A FIRST READER

BY

WILL D. HOWE

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN INDIANA UNIVERSITY

MYRON T. PRITCHARD

MASTER, EVERETT SCHOOL, BOSTON

AND

ELIZABETH V. BROWN

DIRECTOR OF PRIMARY INSTRUCTION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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PRINTERS AND BINDERS

PREFACE

THE First Reader is a Child's Book. It recognizes his longing for the story and helps him to satisfy this desire as he gradually gains power over the printed word.

The First Reader includes the vocabulary of the Primer, and gives many opportunities for reviewing old words in new relations. It makes a distinct advance on the Primer in vocabulary and subject-matter, and emphasizes the careful grading so necessary at this stage of the child's growth.

The child comes to his reading with personal experiences which help him to interpret and appreciate what he reads. The daily round of his life is full of exciting interest, and he takes pleasure in finding the children of his reading book living over his own experiences. It is upon this basis that the First Reader is built. The play spirit is dominant throughout the book, and it is believed that the games, dialogues and action plays will be very suggestive to teachers.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the authors for the use of the poems: "Darling Little Clovers," by Kate Louise Brown, "The Child and the Bird," by Margaret E. Sangster, and "Noah's Ark," by Ella Given.

“Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!”



Fred and Kate have a garden.

Fred has a spade.

Kate has a hoe.

Ply the spade,

And ply the hoe,

Plant the seed

And it will grow.



This is a pretty flower.
It grows in the garden.
You may have it.
It is a rose.
Have you a garden?



See this flower.

It grows in the field.

It is a pretty flower.

It is yellow.

It is yellow like the sun.

This is a dandelion.



Oh, Kate, here is a bird.
It is in your garden.
See its yellow bill.
It can fly.
It can hop.
See it on your window-sill.



Buzz, buzz, buzz, little bees.

Do you like to fly in the sunshine?

You are happy little bees.

I had some honey this morning.

I like honey.

Did you make it for me?



Rose, Rose, come here.

What do you see?

Look, look in this little tree!

Oh, May, it is a nest.

Is it the yellow bird's nest?

No. It is a robin's nest.

What dear little birds!

One, two, three!

The robins are big birds now.
They have left the nest.
See them fly!
They can fly up.
They can fly down.
They can fly far away.

Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
And was going to the window
To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail
And far away he flew.



I have a big pussy cat.
Do you know where she is?
I have not seen her to-day.
Where can my pussy be?
She is not in the house.
She is not in the barn.
I cannot find her.
There is Grace.
Oh, Grace, have you seen my pussy?

“Yes, May, I saw her this morning.

Your pussy cat went to London.

She went to see the queen.

There is your pussy now.

Ask her where she has been.”

“Pussy cat, where have you been?”

“I have been to London.”

“Did you see the queen, pussy?”

“Yes, I saw the queen.

I saw a little mouse, too.

The mouse ran away.

The queen gave me some milk.

She said, ‘You are a good pussy.

Now you must run home.

May will be looking for you.’

So I ran home.”



“Who are you, little boy?”

“I am Boy Blue.”

“Oh, Boy Blue! Blow your horn.

The sheep are in the meadow,

The cows are in the corn.

Where have you been, Boy Blue?”

“Under the haystack, fast asleep.

Why didn't you wake me?”

“Oh no, not I, for if I did,

You'd be sure to cry.”



I am Ned.

I am a big boy now.

I go to school.

Do you see my book?

Father gave it to me.

It has pictures in it.

I will read you a story.

It is about a cow.



Moo, moo! Moo, moo!

Here is the red and white cow.

Her name is Bossy.

She has been in the field all day.

Tom and Bob were in the field.

They were flying a kite.

Now the boys have gone home.
Bossy wants to go home.
Her home is in the barn.
Here come Tom and Spot.
They are coming for her.
Spot says, "Bow, wow, wow!"
Tom says, "Here is our cow.
Good old Bossy.
We must take her home."

"Be a good dog, Spot.
Do not make Bossy run.
Take her home to the barn."
Spot will be a good dog.
He will take Bossy home.
Bossy gives us milk.
Bossy gives us cream.
She is our good old cow.

Hear the bell ring.

One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven, eight.

I must eat my breakfast, now.

Then I will go to school.

When the bell rings nine, I must
be in school.

After school Amy and I will play.

We will play in the garden.

“What shall we play, Amy?

Shall we play mother?”

“No, May, let us play school.

You may be the teacher.

Baby and I will say our A B C's.

Baby can not say all of them.

I can say them.

I can make them, too.”

A a B b C c

D d E e F f

G g H h I i

J j K k L l

M m N n O o

P p Q q R r

S s T t U u

V v W w X x

Y y Z z



This sheep has soft black wool.,
There are three bags full.

“One for the master,
One for the dame,
And one for the little boy
That lives in the lane.”

Bob is the little boy
That lives in the lane.
His father is the master
And his mother is the dame.



BOB'S WINTER COAT

Here is Bob in his new overcoat.

"I am a big boy, now," he says.

Bob is very proud of his coat.

His coat is blue.

His cap and mittens are red.

Now he can play in the snow.

He can make a snow-man.

Mother: Do you like your coat, Bob?

Where did you get it?

Bob: You gave it to me, mother.

Mother: Are you sure? Go ask Spot.

Bob: Did you give it to me, Spot?

Spot: Bow, wow, wow! Don't you see my coat is made of hair?
Ask the old hen.

Bob: Did you give it to me, Biddy?

Biddy: Cluck, cluck, cluck! My coat is made of feathers. Ask the old black sheep.

Bob: Baa, baa, black sheep. Did you give me my new coat?

Sheep: Baa-baa! I gave the wool. The farmer cut it off last summer. I have a new coat, now. I am warm and so are you.

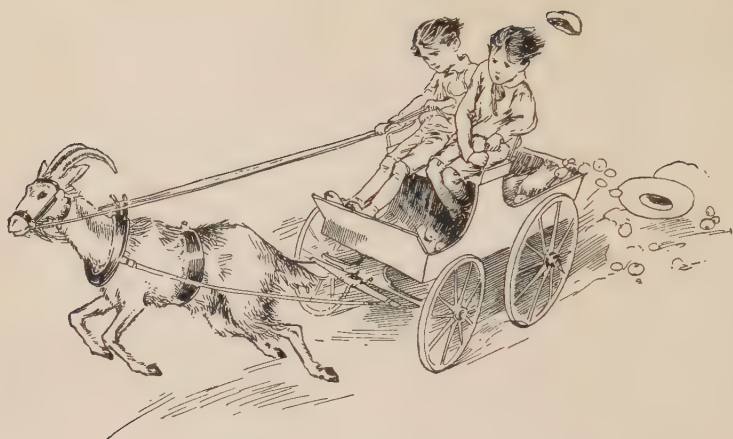
THE SHEEP

“Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant field you lie,
Eating grass and clovers white
From the morning until night?”

“True, it seems a pleasant thing,
Eating clovers in the spring;
But what chilly nights I pass
On the cool and dewy grass.

“Then the farmer comes at last,
When the happy spring is past,
Cuts my woolly coat away
To keep you warm on Christmas Day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant field I lie.”

ANN TAYLOR.



“Hello, Fred.

How do you like my goat?

His name is Billy.

I have a new wagon.

Get in with me.

Then we will go for a ride.”

“All right, Tom.

Let us go to the store.

Mother wants some things.

We can bring them in the wagon.”

“Here we are at the store.

Get the eggs, Fred.

I will put them into the wagon.

Where are the apples?

They can go in the back.

Are you ready?

Get up, Billy. Get up.

Now we are off!”

Whoa, Billy, whoa!

Tom’s goat is running away.

Tom can not hold him.

He calls, “Whoa, Billy!”

But Billy will not stop.

Fred can not stop him.

The apples are dropping out.

There go the eggs!

What will Fred’s mother say?



Here are John and Ned.

Spot is with them.

Let us run a race, John.

Let us run to the barn.

One, two, three. Go!

John reached the barn first.

Spot ran after him.

He came next. Ned came last.

John and Spot won the race.

Now let us play horse.

Play you are the big black horse.

I will drive you.

See how fast you can go.

Run to the apple tree.

Here we are.

Whoa! I will tie you.

I am hungry.

Are you hungry, old horse?

Here is an apple for you.

I found it on the ground.

It is a nice, ripe one.

Here is one for me.

I like apples, too.

Now we will go to the brook.

I will give you a drink.

Then I will drive you to the barn.



THE BREAD HOUSE

Bob has a new pet.

It is white.

It has pink eyes.

It must be a bunny.

No, it is not a bunny.

It has short, round ears.

It eats bread.

It is a white mouse.

Ella is afraid of the white mouse.

Bob is not afraid of it.

He holds the mouse in his hand.

It climbs up and sits on his shoulder.

One day the mouse got away.

No one could find it.

“The cat will catch it,” said Bob.

Soon he heard some one laughing
in the kitchen.

“Master Bob,” called the cook.

Bob ran to the kitchen.

“Look!” said the cook.

And there was the white mouse.

The cook had left some bread on
the table.

The mouse had made a little hole
in the bread.

There it sat in its bread house.

It looked as if it wanted to say,

“How do you like my house?

I made it with my sharp teeth.”

WHAT SHALL I BUY?

I have a penny,

What shall I buy?

I'll buy some candy,

That's what I'll buy.

I have a nickel,

What shall I buy?

I'll buy a sail boat,

That's what I'll buy.

I have a dime, now,

What shall I buy?

I'll buy a horsey,

That's what I'll buy.

Ned lives near a park.

The grass is green in the park.

Trees and flowers grow there.

One day two men went to the park.

They had a box.

Can you guess what was in it?

I know you can not.

There were squirrels in it.

The men took the squirrels out.

They put some nuts on the ground.

Then they went away.

Soon the squirrels became tame.

Now they come down and let the
boys and girls feed them.

Ned gives them nuts every day.

They sit up on their hind legs.

They hold the nuts in their paws
and crack them with their teeth.



THE LITTLE LIGHT

A little light was very proud.

“I am as bright as the sun, moon and stars,” it said.

One night a man heard it say this, as he went into his house.

The wind blew in. Out went the light.

The man struck a match and the little light grew bright again.

“Never say you are as bright as the sun, moon and stars,” he said.

“Their lights never go out.

No one has to light them.”



This is our baby.
See him in his little bed.
Good night, baby dear.
The sun has gone away.
The stars are in the sky.
They will twinkle all the night.
The moon is shining.
The birds are still.
The squirrels are asleep.
They have all gone to bed.
Sh! sh! Baby is asleep.



Oh Bob! See this pretty kitten!

She has a new ribbon.

She has a bell on her neck, too.

Sometimes kitty gets into mischief.

We never know where she is.

Mother says we can hear her, if
she has a bell.

I will take it off when kitty is big.

Kitty has very soft paws.

But her claws are sharp.

Kitty can see at night, but I can not.

I love my pretty pet.

I will not let her get hungry.



KING MIDAS

Once there was a rich king.
His name was Midas.
He had bags and bags of gold.
But he wanted more.
One day Quicksilver came.
He saw Midas looking at his gold.
“More! More!” said Midas.
Quicksilver laughed.

“I will give you a wish,” he said.

“I wish everything I touch to turn to gold.”

“It shall be so,” said Quicksilver.

Midas went into the garden.

He picked a rose.

It turned to gold.

“Oh, look!” said Midas.

He went into the house.

He sat down to dinner.

He took up a cup.

It turned to gold.

He took some food.

It turned to gold.

“I can not eat gold.

I shall die,” he said.

His little girl ran to him.

He put his hand on her head.

She turned to gold.

She could not walk.

She could not run.

She could not talk.

Quicksilver came back.

“Do you want more gold?” he asked
the king.

“No, No!” said Midas.

“I want my little girl.

Take back your golden touch.”

“The world is so full of a number
of things,

I’m sure we should all be as happy
as kings.”



Ella's father has built a new house.
It is next door to Beth.
To-day they are going to move.
Do you see that big wagon?
Chairs and tables and beds are in it.
The men will take them into the
new house.
They will move the pictures, too.
The children like to watch the men.

Beth: Good morning, little girl.

Do you live here?

Ella: Yes. We just moved yesterday.

What is your name?

Mine is Ella.

Beth: My name is Elizabeth.

But that is so long they call me Beth.

How old are you, Ella?

Ella: I am just seven.

Beth: I am seven going on eight.

Ella: Will you come into my yard?

Beth: Not to-day, thank you.

My mother says I must wait.

Let us go to the playground.

Ella: What do you do there?

Beth: Oh, just wait and see.



Here is the playground.

It is in the park.

Do you see the swings?

They are near the sand pile.

See the babies.

They have their little pails.

They like to play in the sand.

They dig in it with their spades.

They put it into their pails.

They play sea-shore in the sand.

“Let us go to the swings,” said Beth.

“I will swing you, Ella.

Do you like to go high?

I will push you ten times.

One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven, eight, nine, ten.”

“Thank you, Beth.

Now ‘let the old cat die.’

Then I will swing you.”

“No, Ella, let us run.

Miss Gray is going to tell a story.

See the children.

We all sit under the trees.

Here is a place for us.

It is cool here.

Sh! She is going to begin.

We must keep very still.”

JOHNNY BEAR

Johnny Bear was a little cub.

He lived in the park.

His mother's name was Grumpy.

Johnny was not a strong baby.

So Grumpy took good care of him.

Every day Johnny and his mother would eat dinner near the house.

Johnny liked to eat sweet things.

One day he found a big syrup can.

He put his head into it.

How good the syrup was!

Johnny ate until it was all gone.

Then he tried to get his head out.

But he could not get it out.

Then Johnny began to cry.

Grumpy ran to him.

"G-r-r-r-r! What is it?" she said.

But Grumpy could not help her baby.
So Johnny pushed and pushed.
Oh! How the can did cut!
It made Johnny very cross.
At last he got the can off.
Then he beat it with his little paw.
After that he never put his head
into a can again.





Oh, Nell, Nell! Come out to play.

The rain is over. I am so glad.

See the sunshine.

Come and look at the big rainbow.

I am glad the rain has gone.

The birds are glad. See them fly.

They can not fly up to the rainbow.

It is too high in the sky.

Let us get Amy to play with us.

I will race with you to her house.

One, two, three! Here we go!

BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.



Here we are.

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Hurrah for the sea!

We have come to see Amy.

She lives by the sea-shore.

We are going to stay all summer.

Mother is with us.

She takes us down to the shore.

We find pretty shells.

We play in the sand.
We take our spades with us.
We dig holes in the sand.
The water comes up in them.
We make forts and houses.
The waves wash them away.

“When I was down beside the sea,
A wooden spade they gave to me
 To dig the sandy shore.
My holes were empty like a cup,
In every hole the sea came up,
 Till it could come no more.”

We see some pretty birds.
They are big and white.
They fly over the water.
These birds live by the sea.



Father has been away.
See what he has brought us.
Nellie has a new doll.
It is a big, china doll.
Baby has a flannel elephant.
Tom has a gun.
He likes to play soldier.
I have a top.
It is a big, red one.
I will wind it up.
It takes a long string to make it go.
Do you hear it? It sings.
It goes "Buzz, buzz, buzz."
It sounds like a bee.



Grace likes to help mother.

Sometimes she takes care of baby.

She likes to play with him under the trees where it is cool.

He runs around in the grass without his shoes and stockings.

Grace puts him in the sand pile.

He likes to build a house.

Grace makes him some sand pies.

They play they are for dinner.

Grace plays with her dolls, too.

But baby is more fun than a doll.



“Tom has a present.
Guess what it is.”

“It is a dog.”

“No, it is not a dog.”

“It is a pony.”

“No, it is not a pony.
It lives in the park.”

“It must be a squirrel.”

“Yes, it is a squirrel.”

Tom is very good to his pet.

He feeds it every day.

The squirrel likes to eat nuts.

It likes to hide them, too.

It hides them in the ground.

It makes a hole in the ground with
its paws.

Tom's pet lives in a tall tree.

Its nest is a hole in the tree.

The squirrel can run very fast.

It can run up a tree.

It has very sharp claws.

See its long tail.

Tom likes to play with his squirrel.

It is a pretty pet.



There was once a very wise king.
A stranger came to see the king.
He was an old man.
He came from a far-away country.
He bowed before the king.

King: What can I do for you?

You come from a far country.

Stranger: I hear that you are very wise.
Will you answer a question?

King: Say on.

Stranger: I have come from far away.

Can you tell me, oh King, why I have two ears and two eyes, while I have only one mouth?

King: That is not hard to answer.

You have two eyes so that you may see everything. You have two ears so that you may hear everything. But you have only one mouth, so that you may not talk too much about the things you see and hear.

Stranger: You are wise, oh King. I thank you.

I will go back and tell your answer to all the boys and girls in my country.



See what Amy has!

It is a big bird.

Its feathers are red and green.

She calls it her Polly bird.

Polly has a funny bill.

It is big and hard.

She has funny claws, too.

They are like hands.

Polly likes crackers.

She can talk.

She says, "Polly wants a cracker."

When Amy puts her hat on, Polly says,
"Want to go! Want to go!"

Kate: Let us play animals, Ned.

Ned: All right. You begin.

Kate: Play you are a squirrel.

What can you do?

Ned: I can run. I can climb.

I can eat nuts.

Kate: Where do you sleep, squirrel?

Ned: I sleep in a tree.

Kate: Have you a nest?

Ned: Yes. It is made of leaves.

Kate: Run little squirrel.

Run to your nest.

Ned: Now you play, Kate.

Play you are a brown bear.

What can you do?

Kate: I can walk. I can climb.

I can make you run away.

G-r-r-r! G-r-r-r!

“I have a thought;

Can you guess its name?”

“Can I play it with May?”

“No, it’s not a game.”

“Does it say ‘Meow’?

And sit on a mat?

Can it see in the dark?”

“No, it’s not a cat.”

“Has it monkeys and bears,

And elephants, too?

Are the tigers there?”

“No, it’s not the Zoo.”

“Can it fly in the air?

Is it red and white?

Is it held by a string?”

“Yes, it is a kite.”

Ben has a new kite.

It came from far away.

It came from China.

Uncle Will brought it to him.

In China all the boys fly kites.

The men fly them, too.

They fly big kites and little kites.

They fly red kites and green kites.

Ben's kite is a big one.

It is green and yellow.

It looks like a bird.

See its large wings!

Uncle Will has a kite, too.

His kite is red.

It looks like a big fish.

See the kites fly!

Take care, Ben, or your big kite will
fly away with you.



Nellie has a pet hen.

Her name is Biddy.

The hen has a nest in the barn.

One day Nellie's mother put a duck's egg in Biddy's nest.

"We will not tell Nellie about this egg, Biddy," said mother.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck!

No, no, no," said Biddy.

One day Biddy left her nest.

Eight little ones came after her.

Biddy's chickens were yellow.

But one was a queer little thing.

Nellie was in the garden.

Biddy came up to her.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck!

Look, look, look," said Biddy.

"Oh, Biddy! What pretty chickens!

I am so happy. Now I have you
and eight little pets.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven
little chickens.

Here is one more. That makes eight.

But, oh, Biddy! What is this?

It is not a chicken at all."

Nellie took it up in her hand.

"What funny feet it has, and what
a queer bill!

I must show it to mother."

Just then mother came out.

“What is that in your hand, Nellie?”

“I thought it was a chicken,” said Nellie, “but look at its feet, mother. It can not scratch for worms.”

“It may not want to,” said mother.

“Let us take it over to the water. Now put it down on the shore.”

“Oh, oh, oh!” said Nellie.

“There it goes on the water.

See it swim!

I thought it was a queer chicken.

Where did you come from, little duck?

Where did Biddy get it, mother?”

Then mother told her the story of the duck's egg in the hen's nest.

“Quack, quack, quack!” said the little duck.



This is Nellie's white duck.

She is a big duck now.

She likes to swim.

She can swim very fast.

But she can not fly very well.

Nellie feeds her corn and bread.

Here she comes out of the water.

Look at her queer feet.

She swims with them.

But she looks funny when she walks.



Fred: Good morning, ladies.

Where are you going to-day?

Grace: We want to find a new house.

We are going to move.

May: Can you help us?

Fred: Come this way, ladies.

How do you like this house?

I built it.

Grace: How many rooms has it?

Fred: Four; parlor, bed-room, kitchen and dining-room.

May: Let us take it, Mrs. Grace.

It is just large enough for us.

Grace: How much is the rent?

Fred: It is not FOR RENT.

It is FOR SALE.

May: But we have no money.

Fred: Then I will trade it for your white bunny.

May: That will be all right.

But you will have to build a new house for the bunny.

He is too big for his old one.

Fred: I can build a new house, Mrs. May, and I will take good care of your pet.

Bunny has a new home.

Fred made it for him.

Bunny likes his new house.

Bunny has long ears and a short tail!

He has pink eyes.

Now he is going to wash his face.

He will wash it with his paws.

Here is some clover for you, bunny.

I know you like clover.

Here is an apple.

You may have some cornstalks, too.

They are over in the field.

Here comes Spot.

Run, bunny, run into your house.

Spot can not get you there.



A farmer had some lazy sons.
One day he called them to him.
“Boys,” he said, “there is some gold
on this farm.

After I die, you must dig for it.”

The good farmer died.

The lazy sons began to dig.

But they did not find the gold.

They planted fields of corn.

It grew tall and high.

The boys sold it for a great deal
of money.

The money was gold.

That is what the farmer meant.



Sing, little bird.

Sing a pretty song for me.

You are a bluebird.

Your blue feathers are like the sky.

Your brown ones are like the earth.

I am glad to see you, bluebird.

You come in the spring.

Will you make a nest in Tom's bird
box?

I know you like to live near the
house.

THE STORY OF THE PEAS

“Oh, mother, see what I made for you in school!” said Grace.

“You can put them in your hair.”



“Thank you, dear, they are just what I want,” said mother. “I am glad to have some new hair-pins.”

“Here are some hat pins, too,” said Alice. “Are they long enough for your hat?”



“I will see,” said mother. “Where did you get these nice presents for me?”

“We made them in school,” said Grace.

“Miss Rose gave us some peas and some toothpicks. All the children made pretty things to take home.”

“Amy made a little doll.”



“Bob likes to play fireman, so he made a long ladder.”



“I had some peas once, when I was a little girl,” said mother. “But I did not make hat pins, hair-pins or ladders with them.”

“I planted my peas in the ground. One, two, three, four, five little peas.”

“I watched them every day. Soon there were five little green vines.

“The vines began to climb up some strings which I tied to the summer-house. I watered them every day, and before the summer was over, I had some peas from my garden.”

“Oh, mother, please give me back the hair-pins. Let me go out and plant them,” said Grace.

“No, no,” laughed mother. “I am afraid your hair-pins will not grow. Run down to the kitchen and ask the cook to give you some peas. You can plant them in the garden.”

“Come on, Alice! Come Amy,” called Grace. “Let’s go plant some peas.”



“I have something for you, grandma. It is in one of my hands behind me. Which hand will you choose?”

“Let me see,” said grandma.

“Is it something to eat?”

Is it an apple?”

“No, it is not an apple,” said Fred.

“It is not any thing to eat.”

“Is it a cup of milk?” asked grandma.

“No,” said Fred.

“It is not any thing to drink.

You must guess again.”

“I can not guess what it is.

But I will choose your right hand.”

And Fred gave her a pretty red rose from his garden.

Child: O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?

Flower: I just wait here in the tall,
green grass

Till the children come to play.

Child: O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?

Flower: I wait and wait till the
cool dews fall

And my hair grows long and
white.

Child: And what do you do when
your hair is white

And the children come to play?

Flower: They take me up in their
little hands

And blow my hair away.

THE WOODPECKER



Sh! There is a new bird in this tree.

Do you hear him?

Tap, tap, tap!

It is a woodpecker.

Good-morning, Woodpecker.

Are you making a nest?

Your home is a hole in a tree.

It is not in a bird box.

I know a story about you.



Once there was an old woman.
She lived at the top of a hill.
Her dress was black and white.
One day an old man came by.

“I am hungry. Please give me
something to eat,” he said.

“I will give you a wish if you
will give me some food.”

The old woman had some cakes.

She looked at one.

“That is too large,” she thought.

So she looked at a smaller one.

She gave that to the man.

He went away eating it.

Then the old woman was sorry.

“He was so hungry.

I wish I were a bird.”

“I would fly down and give him
a big cake.”

As soon as she made her wish
she turned into a bird.

Her back was black, with a white
stripe down the middle.

She had a white breast and white
marks on her wings.

You can see her now in the trees.

I like the happy springtime.
The birds come back in the spring.
Robins and bluebirds come.
They build their pretty nests.

The flowers come in the spring.
See the apple tree.
It has pink and white flowers.
The green leaves are very small.
The bees fly to the pretty flowers.
They will make honey now.

There is the farmer.
He will plant his corn.
He plants his seed in the spring.
The sun shines.
The soft rain will come.
Then the corn will grow.

Bob has a new paint box.

"I will make a picture for you, Ella.

Here is some blue paint.

This will make the sky.

Here is some green for the grass.

Shall I make a tree?"

"Yes, Bob. Make one with pink and white flowers on it.

Paint an apple tree."

"Shall I paint some apples?"

"Why no, Bob! You know that the apple tree has flowers in the spring, and apples in the fall."

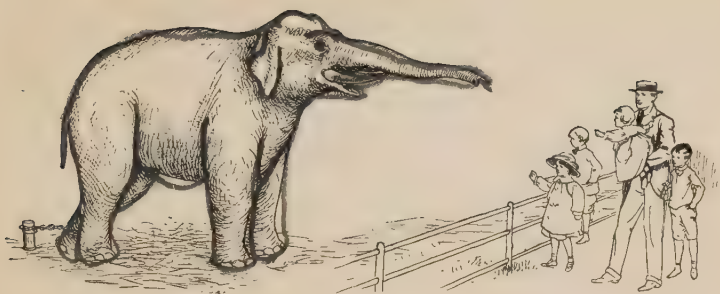
"I said that, just for fun.

Here comes Baa—baa, Black Sheep.

Shall I put her in the picture?"

"Oh no, Bob. Paint her woolly lamb.

That will make a pretty picture."



OLD DUNK

Yesterday father took us to the Zoo.
What a fine time we had!

We saw the bears and the monkeys.
Then we went to the elephant house.
Old Dunk was at home.

How big and queer looking he is!
He has such a funny long trunk.
He has big ears and little eyes.

We threw peanuts to Dunk.

We liked to see him pick them
up with his long trunk.

Play you are a bird.

“Where are you, little bird?”

“I am up in a tree.”

“What can you do?”

“I can sing to you, little boy.

I can fly down to see you.”

“Play you are a bunny.

Where are you, bunny?”

“I am in my little house.

Fred made it for me.”

“What can you do, bunny?”

“I can hop.

I can play with you.

Please get me some clover.”

“Play you are a bee.

What can you do, bee?”

“I can buzz. I can fly.

I can make honey for you.”

HELPING THE BIRDS

The robins are building a nest in the rose-bush.

Beth watches them every day.

The birds find twigs and strings.

They pick them up with their bills.

Then they fly into the bush.

One morning Aunt Kate said, "Shall we help the birds, Beth?"

"Oh, yes, Aunt Kate," said Beth. "But how can we help them? We can not get into the rose-bush. We are too big."

"We can put some strings on the bush. Robins like strings. They will need some mud, too. Robins plaster their nests just as we plaster our houses," said Aunt Kate.

"I can make some mud pies near the bush," said Beth. "Will the robins eat mud pies?"

"Perhaps," said Aunt Kate.

When fall came, Aunt Kate said, "The robins have gone away. Let us get their old nest. They will not come back to it."

"Oh, oh, oh! They took my mud pies after all," said Beth.

"Look, look, Aunt Kate! There is mud inside of the nest."

"Yes," said Aunt Kate, "and here are some of your strings."

"What fun it is to help build a nest," said Beth. "Next spring I'll help again. I wish spring would come soon."

CLOVERS

May: Come see what I have found.

Grace: What is it?

Is it a nest in the grass?

May: No, it is a four-leaf clover.

See if you can find one.

It is good luck, you know.

Grace: Where did you find yours?

May: Here, in the tall grass.

Grace: I can not find one.

But here are some flowers.

Let us make a clover chain.

May: Oh, oh, oh! There is a big bee.

Drive it away with your hat.

Grace: There it goes.

May: Now you can make your chain.

Put it around your neck.

I will put mine on my head.



Darling little clover,
With your leaflets three,
You must stand for father,
For mother and for me.

You are clover three-leaves,
Now I'll find another;
Here's an extra leaflet!
That's my baby brother.

Any one who finds you
Wins good luck, they say;
Baby is the best luck
That ever came my way.

KATE LOUISE BROWN.

NELLIE'S PRESENT

"Here is a box for Miss Nellie White," said the postman.

"Oh, mother, come," cried Nellie. "Please help me open it."

"Where did it come from?" asked mother. "And what is in it?"

"It is from grandma," said Nell. "It may be candy or a doll."

But it wasn't.

There was nothing in the box but six, little, hard, round balls.

"Onions!" said Nell. "Oh, mother, I thought it was something nice. I am going to throw them away."

"Well, go throw them into that box of earth in the cellar. Dig down in the box and hide them."

“All right,” said Nell, “I never want to see them again,” and she put them deep down into the box of earth.

Nell did not think about them again, but mother used to go down into the cellar very often. She watered the box of earth.

One day she called Nellie.

“Something is growing in the box in the cellar. Come down and see it, Nell.”

Nell went down, and there were some small, green shoots in the box.

“Oh, mother, let us take the box upstairs,” said Nell. “Then I can watch them grow.”

So the box was put in the dining-



room window, where the sun could shine on the plants. Nell watered them every day.

When Easter came, the window was bright with beautiful pink and white hyacinths.

Nell was glad that she did not throw the little balls away, for they were not onions, after all.

FRANK'S BIRTHDAY TREE

Frank has had one, two, three, four, five, six, seven birthdays.

Now you know how old he is.

This is Frank's own apple tree.

It has had seven birthdays, too.

When Frank was just one year old, his father brought him a strange present.

It was an apple tree. The apple tree was just one year old, too.

One bright day, Frank's mother took him out into the yard.

His father dug a hole in the ground.

Then father and mother helped the baby boy to plant the baby tree.

"Now grow, little tree," said father.

"Now grow, little boy," said mother.



“A—goo, a—goo,” said Frank.

Now Frank is a big boy and the tree has apples on it.

How would you like to have a birthday tree?

FEEDING THE BIRDS

John lives in the country.

He rides to school every day.

Before he leaves home, he gives the birds on the farm their breakfast.

He feeds the chickens, the ducks and the turkeys.

They like bread and corn.

Then he goes out to the garden.

He feeds the little birds.

The robins and the bluebirds live in the garden.

John puts a box of seeds near the house for them.

When he comes home, the box is empty.

He feeds the birds all summer and all winter, too.

CORN

Here is a cornfield.

See the tall corn.

What long leaves it has!

Can you see the white ears of corn?

Where does corn grow?

Some corn grows in the cornfields.

Some corn grows in gardens.

Have you a garden?

You can plant some seeds, and corn
will grow.

Bob has a garden.

He lives on a farm.

He is a little farmer boy.

I gave him some seeds.

Bob had to work very hard.

He dug up the ground.

Then he planted the little seeds.



When the corn began to grow, Bob had to hoe his garden.

His corn grew to be very tall.

The sun and rain helped it grow.

The corn will soon be ripe.

You must go to see Bob.

He will give you some corn for dinner.



“Mother, mother,” called Kate. “The grapes are ripe. May we have some?”

Mother went to look at them. She found only two ripe bunches.

She gave them to Kate and Amy.

“Oh, mother, how good they are!” said Kate. She danced and laughed.

But Amy looked cross.

“I don’t want this little bunch,” she said. “I want a big one.”

“No, Amy,” said mother. “Just see how good they are!”

But Amy held her bunch behind her. Just then the old turkey came into the garden.

He picked off one grape. He liked it. He picked and picked until all the grapes were gone.

“Now, Amy, look at your bunch,” said mother.

Amy began to cry. But soon she began to laugh. She ran all around the garden after that old turkey.

Now, when Amy is cross, her mother says, “Don’t forget the grapes and the turkey.”

Then Amy laughs and is happy again.

We are going to have fun to-day.
We are going to play games. We
shall play them in our school yard.

Let us play "Charlie over the
water."

Do you play it at your school?

We make a ring and put some one
in the middle. Then we dance and
sing:

"Charlie over the water,
Charlie over the sea,
Charlie caught a big, black fish,
But he can't catch me."

Then we all stoop. If the one in
the middle can touch you, before you
stoop, you have to be "It," and go
in the middle.

We have great fun.

May: Come and play, Tom.

Let us play the ant and the grasshopper.

Tom: I will, if you will let me be the grasshopper.

May: Yes, Tom. You make big hops.

Tom: Well, call the ants.

May: Come, Alice and Grace. Bring Kate and Ella with you. We are going to play the ant and the grasshopper.

Girls: Good! Good! Here we are.

Where shall we have our ant-hill?

Tom: Over in the sand pile.

That makes a good ant-hill.

May: Well, we are ready now.

We are hard at work.

Come on, grasshopper.

Grasshopper: Knock, knock, knock!

Ants: Who is there?

Grasshopper: It is I, the grasshopper.

Ants: What do you want?

Grasshopper: I want something to eat.

It is very chilly out here.

The grass is all gone and I can not find any food.

Ants: We have no food for you.

Grasshopper: You have food now. You worked all summer.

Ants: What did you do all summer?

Grasshopper: Oh, I danced and hopped and played.

Ants: Why didn't you work?

Grasshopper: I had no time for work.

Ants: Well, go dance now. Go play.

He who will not work, can not eat.



Fall has come. The days are cool.
The birds go away.
The grasshoppers and bees go, too.
The trees have red and yellow
leaves, now.

Soon the leaves will fall.

Nuts are ripe.

Let us look for them on the ground.

We must not take them all.

The squirrels like the nuts.

Let us leave some for them.

Child: Oh, where are you going,
My dear little bird?
Why do you hurry away?
Not a leaf on the pretty, red maple
has stirred
In the bright, yellow sunshine to-day.

Bird: I know, little maiden,
The sunshine is bright,
And the leaves are asleep on the
tree;
But, three times, the dream of a
cold winter night
Has come to my children and me.
So good-by to you, dear,
Good-by to you, dear,
We'll come back when the flowers
are here.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

“Come, little leaves,” said the wind
one day,

“Come over the meadows with me,
and play.

Put on your dresses of red and gold;
Summer is gone, and the days grow
cold.”

One day the wind went out to play.
He called to the little leaves.

The wind said, “Come, little leaves.

Come to the field and play with me.

Put on your red dresses.

Put on your yellow dresses.”

Little red leaf came.

Little yellow leaf came.

They danced and played in the wind.

How the little leaves flew!

They flew up. They flew down.

They flew all about.

Kitty saw the little leaves.

Kitty said, "Are they birds?

I will catch them."

Kitty ran after the leaves.

She ran here. She ran there.

She ran all around.

But she could not catch them.

. The leaves danced and flew.

The wind went away.

The little leaves lay down.

They lay down in the field.

The little leaves went to sleep.

The white snow came.

Summer had gone.

Winter had come.



Poor little Grace!

She is six years old to-day, but she is sick in bed. She can not have a birthday party.

“Why does the door bell ring so many times, mother dear?” she asked.

But mother just said, “Wait and see, dear.”

At five o'clock, mother came into

the room with a pretty new dress on. She had a flower in her hair.

Soon grandma came in. She had on her best dress.

Then nurse came in with a new cap and a white apron.

“How pretty you all look!” said little Grace. “Why are you all dressed up?”

“This is your birthday, dear,” said mother, “and we have come to your party.”

“My party!” said Grace. “What do you mean?”

Nurse set her up in the bed, and gave her a big pie.

Grace’s round eyes grew bigger and bigger.

The pie was made in a big dish-pan. When nurse took off the crust, Grace saw that the pan was full of saw-dust. Little pink strings lay on top of the saw-dust.

Grace pulled one of the strings. Up came a little doll, with yellow hair and blue eyes. It had "From Mother" on it.

"Oh! oh! laughed Grace, and she pulled another string. This time a picture-book from grandma came out.

She pulled another string and soon she saw the top of a house.

"It's a Noah's Ark," said Grace.

"Open it, open it, please mother. I want to see Mr. and Mrs. Noah and all the animals.

Here they all are,—

elephants	horses
-----------	--------

goats	cows
-------	------

monkeys	pigs
---------	------

bears	hens
-------	------

ducks and turkeys.

Oh, what fun this is! Let me pull the other strings.”

When Grace had pulled all the strings, there were,—

balls	dolls
-------	-------

games	pictures
-------	----------

books	a ring
-------	--------

and a pair of new mittens on the bed.

“Oh, mother dear! I never saw such a funny pie. This is the very best birthday I have ever had,” said Grace.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

One day a fox went down the road.

“How hungry I am!” he said. “I wish I could find something to eat.”

Just then he saw a grapevine. It had ripe grapes on it.

“Oh, how good those grapes look! I will have some,” said the fox.

But he could not reach the grapes. They were too high on the vine.

He jumped high up in the air, but he could not get them.

At last he went away hungry.

The birds heard him say, “Those old grapes are sour.

They are not good for a fine fox like me.”

But the birds knew better.

One day we played fox and grapes in school.

May was the vine. She stood on a chair and held a bunch of grapes.

Tom was the old fox. He came creeping along the floor on his hands and knees. He looked happy when he saw the ripe grapes.

He stood up on his hind legs and tried to reach them.

But May held them too high for him.

Then he jumped and jumped and jumped. He could not reach them.

He dropped down on his hands and knees again, and went on down the road saying: "Those old grapes are sour. They are not good for a fine fox like me."



The little stars were twinkling.
The big moon was in the sky.
The snow was on the ground.
We were all fast asleep.
Jack Frost came to see us.
We did not see Jack Frost.
But he made a picture for us.
He left it on the window.

Last night Santa Claus came, too.

We did not see him either.

He came down the chimney.

He saw our stockings.

He put something in Amy's stocking.

He put something in John's stocking.

He put something in baby's stocking.

Then he went up the chimney.

Morning came.

The sun said, "Wake up! Wake up!

Merry Christmas, children!"

We jumped out of bed.

We ran to our stockings.

Guess what we found.

Amy had a picture-book,

Baby had a horn,

Johnny had a big, red drum

To play on Christmas morn.

Boys and girls, come out to play.

Hurrah! hurrah for old winter!

The snow is coming down.

It is soft and white.

It makes stars on May's coat.

Catch some pretty stars, Tom.

Catch them in your hat.

They do not last very long.

But more are coming.

How fast the snow comes down!

The ground is all white.

Now we can have some fun.

The boys will make a fort.

May and Nell will make some snow-birds.

They will put them on the window-sill.

Will they fly away?

John has a box of soldiers.

Santa Claus brought them.

John likes to play with his soldiers.

He sets them on the table.

He puts the captain in front.

You can tell him by his sword.

See the soldiers in a row.

How straight they stand!

See their guns.

Do not shoot us, brave soldiers.

John wants to be a soldier some day.

He is only a little boy now.

But he has a drum and a flag.

He beats his drum and waves his
flag on Washington's birthday.

He says, "Hurrah for George Wash-
ington! Hurrah for our country!
Hurrah for the flag!"

GEORGE WASHINGTON

When George Washington was a little boy, he liked to play soldier.

“I want to be a soldier when I am a man,” he said. So he played soldier after school with the other boys.

“Come, boys,” said George. “I will be the captain. The captain must have a sword.

Here are your guns, soldiers,” and George gave them some cornstalks.

“Get your drum, Bob. You must beat your drum.

We will go fight the Indians.

Beat your drum, drummer boy.”

Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub-dub.

“March, brave soldiers, march.”



Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for the
Red, White and Blue!

It is our country's flag.

How pretty the colors are!

Do you see the red and white?

Look at the stars.

They are in a field of blue.

We love our flag.

We would not change it for any
other flag in the world.

We will wave it in the air and
say, "Hurrah for the flag!"

Hurrah for the Red, White and
Blue!"



NOAH'S ARK

“Oh, Ned, we can not go out to-day,” said Alice.

“See the rain! It is coming down in big drops.

What shall we do all day?”

“Let us play Noah's Ark,” said Ned. “It is raining so hard, we can play there is going to be a flood.”

“It sounds nice, but I don’t know how to play Noah’s Ark.”

“Well,” said Ned, “you get all the animals you can find.

“We will play this table is the ark. The cover comes down to the floor.”

Alice soon came back with a brown Teddy Bear and a white, woolly lamb.

“There are some wild animals out there,” she said. “Come help me catch them.”

“All right,” said Ned. “You get my pig bank, your candy hen and the flannel elephant. I’ll catch the wild animals.”

“Here, Puss, Puss, Puss,” he called. “I want you for a tiger. You have a black and yellow coat.

“Come, Spot. You are only a dog, but we will play you are a fox.

“Now we will all go into the ark and wait until the rain stops.”

So Alice got under the table with the Teddy Bear and the woolly lamb. She reached out and got the pig, the candy hen and the flannel elephant.

Ned took in the cat and the dog.

Spot and Puss began to fight, but the other animals were very good.

By and by, it got so warm under the table that Ned looked out.

“It is not raining hard now,” he said. “I think we can go ashore.”

So they all got out of the ark.

“I like to play ark,” said Alice, “but I’m glad the rain is over.”

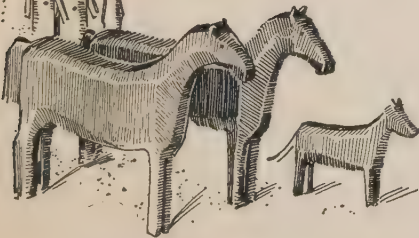


NOAH'S ARK

My Noah's ark is a pretty house,
All painted red and blue,
With many funny animals,
Just like those at the Zoo.

And when the door is open wide,
I'll tell you what they do,—
The animals all get in line,
And march out two by two.

ELLA GIVEN.



GOING TO THE STORE

“Where are you going, mother?” asked Grace.

“I am going to the store, dear. Do you want to go with me? The sunshine will be good for you.”

“Oh, yes, mother. What will you buy?”

“Well, I know a little girl who wants some new hair ribbons,” said mother. “Do you think she wants blue ones or pink ones?”

“Stoop down and I will tell you,” said Grace. “I know who that little girl is.”

“Oh,” laughed mother, “what a funny little girl! She wants both colors, does she?”

“We will see what Mr. King has in his store.

“Then we must stop at the grocer’s to get something for dinner. We must not forget anything.

“Will you write down the things we want?

chicken	apples
---------	--------

peas	grapes
------	--------

corn	milk
------	------

onions	honey
--------	-------

a loaf of bread and some flowers for the table.

“Did you write them all?”

“Yes, I have everything down,” said Grace. “Here is Tom, mother. He is ready for us.”

“Oh, Tom, please let me drive.”

PLAYING STORE

Grace: "Have you apples, good grocer?"

Grocer: "Oh yes, ma'am, how many?"

Grace: "How do you sell them, sir?"

Grocer: "Two for a penny."

Grace: "I'll have two, Mr. Grocer,
They are good for my baby.
Send them home in an
hour, sir."

Grocer: "That I will, lady."

MARY MAPES DODGE.

THE COW

The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
 Up in the air so blue?
 Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
 Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
 Till I can see so wide,
 Rivers and trees and cattle and all
 Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
 Down on the roof so brown—
 Up in the air I go flying again,
 Up in the air and down!

Robert Louis Stevenson.

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY

I love little Pussy,
 Her coat is so warm;
 And if I don't hurt her
 She'll do me no harm.

So I'll not pull her tail,
 Nor drive her away,
 But Pussy and I
 Very gently will play.

She shall sit by my side,
 And I'll give her some food;
 And she'll love me, because
 I am gentle and good.

Jane Taylor.

The Beetle was blind,
 And the Bat was blinder;
 And they went to take tea
 With the Scissors-grinder.
 The Scissors-grinder had gone away
 Across the ocean to spend the day,
 But he'd tied his bell to the grapevine swing—
 The Bat and the Beetle heard it ring,
 And neither the Beetle nor Bat could see
 Why no one offered them any tea.
 So, polite and patient, they're waiting yet
 For the cup of tea they expect to get.
Carolyn Wells.

LITTLE RAIN-DROPS

Oh, where do you come from,
 You little drops of rain,
 Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
 Down the window-pane?
 They say I'm very naughty,
 But I've nothing else to do,
 But sit here at the window;
 I should like to play with you.

Tell me, little rain-drops,
 Is that the way you play,
 Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
 All the rainy day?
 The little rain-drops cannot speak,
 But, "pitter-patter, pat"
 Means, "We can play on this side;
 Why can't you play on that?"

THE DRUM

I'm a beautiful red, red drum,
 And I train with the soldier boys;
 As up the street we come,
 Wonderful is our noise!
 There's Tom, and Jim, and Phil,
 And Dick, and Nat, and Fred,
 While Widow Cutler's Bill
 And I march on ahead,
 With a r-r-rat-tat-tat,
 And a tum-titty-um-tum-tum—
 Oh, there's bushels of fun in that
 For boys with a little red drum!

Eugene Field.

THE RAIN-DROPS' RIDE

Some little drops of water
 Whose home was in the sea,
 To go upon a journey
 Once happened to agree.
 A white cloud was their carriage;
 Their horse, a playful breeze;
 And over town and country
 They rode along at ease.
 But, oh! there were so many,
 At last the carriage broke,
 And to the ground came tumbling
 Those frightened little folk.
 Among the grass and flowers
 They then were forced to roam,
 Until a brooklet found them
 And carried them all home.

Anonymous.

VOCABULARY

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|---|--|
| 1. hoe
ply | 11. read
story | 17. cap
mittens
proud
very | 20. Billy
goat
hello
right
store
then |
| 2. rose | 12. Bossy
moo | | |
| 3. | | | |
| 4. bill
hop
window-sill | 13. cream
old | 18. baa
Biddy
cut
feathers
hair
last
summer | 21. back
falling
hold
put
ready
whoa |
| 5. | 14. bell
breakfast
eight
nine
ring
seven
six
teacher | | |
| 6. | | | 22. first
John
next
race
reached
won |
| 7. once
shook
stop | 15. | 19. chilly
clovers
cool
dewy
lazy
pass
past
pleasant
pray
seems
true
until
woolly | |
| 8. seen | | | |
| 9. London
milk
mouse
queen | 16. bags
black
dame
full
lane
master
soft
wool | | 23. drink
drive
found
ground
hungry
nice
ripe
tie |
| 10. cry
sure
why | | | |

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|---|
| 24. afraid
bread
climbs
ears
pet
pink
short
shoulder
sits | 28. blew
bright
grew
match
never
struck | 34. Beth
built
chairs
door
watch | 39. beat
cross |
| 25. cook
could
got
heard
hole
kitchen
laughing
left
sharp
soon
table
teeth | 29. still | 35. Elizabeth
long
mine
wait
yard
yesterday | 40. rainbow |
| 26. buy
candy
dime
nickel | 30. claws
kitten
mischief
neck
ribbon
sometimes | 36. babies
pail
pile
sand | 41. bridges
builds
earth
heaven
please
prettier
rivers
road |
| 27. became
crack
every
hind
legs
men
near
tame
took | 31. king
Midas
Quicksilver
rich | 37. begin
keep
Miss Gray
place
push
ten | 42. stay |
| | 32. cup
die
dinner
food
touch
turn
wish | 38. ate
began
cub
Grumpy
Johnny Bear
strong
sweet
syrup
tried | 43. beside
empty
forts
sandy
till
wash
water
waves
wooden |
| | 33. golden
move
number
should
talk
walk | | 44. brought
china
elephant
flannel
goes
gun
string
top |

- | | | | |
|--|---|--|--|
| 45. pies
shoes
stockings
than. | 53. large
or
wings | 62. | 71. |
| 46. present | 54. duck | 63. ladder
peas
pins
toothpicks | 72. lamb
paint |
| 47. hide | 55. queer
show | 64. vine | 73. Dunk
peanuts
trunk |
| 48. answer
before
bowed
country
question
stranger
wise | 56. feet
quack
scratch
worms | 65. summer-house | 74. |
| 49. much
only
while | 57. well | 66. choose
grandma
which | 75. aunt
bush
mud
need
plasters
twigs |
| 50. crackers
fingers
funny | 58. ladies | 67. child
dews | 76. inside
perhaps |
| 51. brown
leaves | 59. dining-room
enough
money
parlor
rent
sale
trade | 68. tap
woodpecker | 77. chain
four-leaf
luck
wins |
| 52. air
dark
held
mat
meow
thought
tigers
Zoo | 60. cornstalks
face | 69. apron
dress
woman | 78. brother
darling
extra
leaflets |
| | 61. deal
great
meant
sold
sons | 70. marks
middle
smaller
sorry
stripe
would | 79. cellar
cried
nothing |

	onions open	90. ant-hill grasshopper	dish-pan Noah pulled saw-dust	106. drummer fight George Indians
80.	often shoots upstairs used	91. knock		
		92.	99. ever	107. change colors
81.	hyacinths	93. cold dream hurry maiden maple stirred	100. better fox grapevine knew	108. flood
82.	own strange			109. bank cover pig Teddy wild
83.			101. creeping dropped floor knees sour stood	
		94.		110.
84.		95.		
85.	work		102.	
				111. line wide
86.		96. many o'clock sick years	103. chimney either	112. grocer
87.	bunch grapes		104.	
88.		97. bigger mean nurse set		113.
89.	caught Charlie stoop	98. ark crust	105. brave captain front row sword	114. hour ma'am sell sir

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